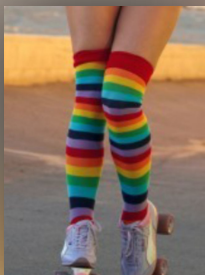




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Derby Demon



👁 141 ✓ 5 ★ 10

Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

It isn't every day that you get kicked out of heaven. And it isn't every day that you join a roller derby. What are the chances of the two coinciding on the same day?

I lace up my skates. They say that there's a first time for everything.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



Wouldn't Gabriel love to see me now. I zip past the other girls with ease, tripping a few up in my path. I might have lost my wings, but I certainly haven't lost my grace. A heavysset woman blows her whistle. I presume that she's the coach.

"Ladies!" she yells. I cover my ears. I was never a fan of loud noises. There weren't many of them in heaven. It didn't help that everything on earth seemed to be amplified by ten.

Still, the others were drawn to the noise, and I couldn't afford to stick out. So I followed suit.

"Ladies," she repeated, but quieter this time, "good hustle out there. Especially you, newcomer." I feel their eyes travel over to me. It's kind of a good feeling.

"But don't let it get to your head! See more of Story Wars the Maver Beavers in a week!
You can't get soft!"

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Chapter 3 by Fire Words



The Maver Beavers.

I assume they were the group of people that every one worshipped in this area. They didn't have anything special. How do I know? Let's just say watching Earth is amusing. I know a lot of things. Except... Sure, they were stocky and intimidating, but I'd seen worse.

Do you know how scary Michael's stare is? I never plucked a feather off his wings again.

I wished I still had mine to actually talk about. They were so majestic, but a dove gray. Of course, perfect little Charmaine's wings were pure white like every angel's. I hate Charmaine.

I was too much of a rebel, which is why my wings slowly blackened. Eventually, they fell off.

Falling off Heaven is painful.

I'm such a wicked little castaway.

The Maver Beavers won't stop me from achieving my motive.

Why did I join a roller derby again?

Wouldn't you like to know it.

Chapter 4 by adware



Oh alright.

It's the closest sensation I've discovered to flying.

I've known my descent was coming for a while. And I knew that particular itch would be hard to scratch once I had to start putting up with gravity. I've been practicing earthly sports for a while now, getting lessons from some of the newer angels.

Skateboarding was fun but felt too linear to remind me of flying, pole vaulting came close but it didn't seem like the best way to get around.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

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